

MRS. SNOW FIGHTS BESIEGERS' ARMY

Her Wealthy Husband, E. G., Jr., Employs Detectives to Surround Apartment in an Effort to Serve a Writ.

AT WAR OVER CHILDREN.

Young Matron Disguised Herself as a Governess and Outwits Foes, but Husband Will Continue Struggle.

Two muscular private detectives, armed to the teeth and backed by the moral support of five determined women servants, are defending the apartment of Mrs. Elbridge Gerry Snow, Jr., on the tenth floor of the fashionable La Rochelle apartment-house at Seventy-fourth street and Columbus avenue. Residents of the apartment-house are greatly amused at the warlike situation which has arisen because Elbridge Gerry Snow, Jr., of the socially elite, son of the vice-president of a big insurance company, cousin of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry and the possessor of a \$40,000 income, is fearful that his beautiful young wife, from whom he is separated, may escape from the jurisdiction of the State courts with their children, Elbridge Gerry Snow 3d, aged five years, and Miss Dorothy Snow, four years.

He Got Out a Writ. Though the marital differences of the Snows have not reached the divorce court stage, Mr. Snow secured a writ of habeas corpus calling on his wife to produce the children in court and have a Justice decide who is entitled to their custody.

Mrs. Snow cleverly evaded the army of men who have been trying to obtain service on her. Half a dozen of them were on watch at the Rochelle apartment yesterday afternoon, when Mrs. Snow, disguised in the garb of a nurse, walked boldly out of the building on the arm of her father, the elevator man and hall boys recognized her, but they didn't give the tip to the sleuths and the men are still on watch for her.

Isaac Bell Brennan, of Leventritt & Brennan, attorneys for Mr. Snow, went to the Rochelle to-day to receive reports from the army of besiegers in process of serving. He was told that Mrs. Snow returned to the apartment after midnight and had been served, but not to the satisfaction of the deputy, who had espied her getting into the building through a private entrance from Haan's restaurant.

Rumors in Society. While society has had the rumor for some time that the younger Elbridge Gerry Snows were not happy this is the first intimation that the courts had been appealed to, thus making their family troubles public property.

Mrs. Snow was Miss Florence Pickert, a daughter of a wealthy Montana ranch owner. Friends say the couple lived happily as long as they remained in their country home at Summit, N. J., but that a few years ago, when Mr. Snow tired of the suburbs and brought his young wife into the city to live with his family in the old mansion at No. 16 West Fifty-eighth street, there was trouble. It is said there rose a dispute as to which was the better family, the Snows or the Pickerts, and that the argument became so continuous and one-sided that Mrs. Snow, Jr., induced her husband to establish her and the children in their present apartments in the Rochelle.

Mr. Snow lived there with them until June 4 of last year, when, it is reported, such pressure was exerted that he returned to the home of his parents.

Hears of Her Plan. Information reached Mr. Snow, he says, that his wife intended taking the children out of the State, and to prevent this he brought the matter to an issue by securing the writ. He also says that his wife has prevented him from seeing the children.

Mrs. Snow evidently received advance information concerning the writ, as she is amply barricaded in her apartments. Although yesterday she ventured out disguised as the governess, and passed through the cordon of process servers, detectives and challengers. At her lawyer's office, however, she was challenged by a sleuth, but before he could slip the paper in her arm she leaped into a hansom and was driven away.

A young man opened the door of her apartments to all callers. To those who cannot satisfactorily explain their business, such as process servers, he says Mrs. Snow is out of the city. To those who utter the secret pass word, "Lanke," admittance is granted. Her sister is married in the aristocratic Clarke family.

Snow Will Keep a Watch.

"Until I have satisfactory assurances that my wife will not attempt to take the children out of the State I shall keep a watch upon her," said Mr. Snow to an Evening World reporter this afternoon. "The writ I secured yesterday was not served and it expired at 10 o'clock this morning. If any attempt is made to remove the children I shall immediately secure another writ."

I left my home on June 6, 1903, and not over a year ago, as has been reported, our lawyers have been conferring as to what should be done, and I thought we were progressing toward an amicable agreement when I received an intimation yesterday that my wife intended to take the children out of the State.

I called upon my lawyer and he called up her lawyer, who said that he had advised against the removal of the children, and would try to make my wife see that such action would be unwise. But I determined to take no chances. I will not permit the removal of the children. As to what is to come, I am indifferent. I am paying the rent, the bills and the expenses of servants and have not withdrawn any support from my family.

Lost in Auto in Storm.

Mrs. Snow is the fashionable young matron whose advent in an automobile on the road to Lakewood one cold night last winter caused comment, perhaps sympathy, for her. In the blind-

MRS. E. G. SNOW, JR., WHO IS FIGHTING AN ARMY OF BESEIGERS.



ing snowstorm she lost the road. Only her driver was with her. She insisted on remaining in the motor car all night, searching blindly for the right road. When they reached Lakewood the next day Mrs. Snow became ill as a result of the exposure and was kept in her room several days.

Concerning the trouble between her and her husband, a friend of hers said: "The cause of the trouble is the family of Mr. Snow. Everything went beautifully while the young Snows lived in Jersey, but Mr. Snow tired of suburban life and insisted on coming to town. They joined the establishment of the Snows in Fifty-eighth street, and from that time there were disagreements. Young Mrs. Snow was the sympathy of her friends. His family was what I term 'fussy.' The Pickerts are just as good a family as the Snows, and a question of which family was the better was a continual cause of contention."

JILTED, HE PUTS BULLET IN HEAD

"You See Me Alive for the Last Time," Announces the Heart-Broken Swain as He Leaves Girl He Loves.

Because Jennie Rose Armetto refused to accept his offer of marriage, Virginia Pettito attempted suicide to-day. He is in the Brooklyn Hospital with a bullet hole in his right cheek and a bullet somewhere in his head. The doctors say he will live and be able to appear in court in a few days to answer the charge of attempted suicide that will be made against him.

Pettito is twenty-five years old and has been in this country for three years. Almost the first person he met when he went to live in the house No. 34 Bolivar street, Brooklyn, was the last time, Pettito went to the house of Armetto girl, then thirteen years old. For a while he bought her candy without measure, and to her mother confided his desire to marry the girl. The girl was consulted and said no. Since then Pettito has pressed this suit. To-day he met her in the hall as she was going to work and begged her to marry him. She refused, and, telling her she had looked upon him alive for the last time, he fired the bullet in her head. He thought would end his life.

"Poor Pettito!" said the old Italian woman about the house. "He was so foolish, making so much money. But nothing but the little Rose would satisfy him, and the foolish girl, to refuse him, an Italian."

BOY WITH GOLDEN CURLS IS LOST.

He is Only Six and is Probably Crying, for He Has Never Been Away from Home.

Has any one seen a golden-haired, blue-eyed, pink-skinned lad of six years, wearing a blue and white checked jacket and a pair of blue overalls? He hasn't a hat and he is very likely in tears because he has never before been away from home over night in the six years of his young life. His name is Henry Branhauser, and he lives at No. 34 East Thirty-second street, but his distracted mother thinks he is probably too excited over being lost to be able to tell his name or where he lives. She thinks it ought to be easy to identify him though from his tangle of golden curls without a hat to cover them this bleak day.

Little Henry went out to play yesterday afternoon and did not return. His mother's fervent prayer is that he did not wander down to the East River, but her heart is heavy with apprehension as the police have been looking for him all night and have received no word of him.

Favor 20-Story Masonic Hall.

UTICA, June 25.—Masonic trustees spoke in favor of the scheme to erect a twenty-story building, at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, in New York when a general canvass of the idea was made at their annual meeting yesterday, but they took no decisive action.

FOR FOUR YEARS LED HER CLASS

Virginia O'Hanlon, Who Once Asked a Newspaper if There Really Was a Santa Claus, an Honor Graduate.

WINNER OF A GOLD MEDAL.

Thought She Would Be Glad to Leave School, but She Isn't—Sorry Now She Wrote the Letter, but Then She Was Very Young.

Virginia O'Hanlon, a little girl who once upon a time wrote the editor of a great newspaper asking him whether there was a Santa Claus, was graduated from Public School No. 88 to-day as the winner of the School Board's gold medal and as one of the honor students.

Mrs. Emma Landrine, the principal, said that Virginia was awarded the medal because she had led all of her classes for four years, including the graduation year, for which the medal is given.

"I thought I would be glad to leave the school," said Virginia as she came from the assembly room, where she had taken part in the "Salute to the Flag." On her raven black hair, piled high for the first time in her young life, sat Columbia's hat.

Not Altogether Glad. The girl's gray eyes snapped with excitement, and her bright, piquant face showed her emotion. Around her neck was a string of pearls, the first communion gift of her father, Dr. Philip O'Hanlon.

The dainty white frock was not just low enough to permit a glimpse of the beautiful throat of the girl.

"Yes, really thought I would be glad to leave 88," repeated Virginia, "but do you know I feel funny this morning. For some reason I am not as glad as I was yesterday. Can you tell me why?" There was an expression of wonderment in the gray eyes.

"I have had such a lovely time here—for four years, you know, and this is my last day. The thought makes me feel so funny, just as though I wanted to cry and could not. Did you ever feel like that?"

"Next year I enter the Normal College, at Sixty-eighth street and Park avenue. My diploma takes me in, you know. Of course it will be very nice, and after a while I shall get used to it; but it won't be dear old 88, will it? Not at the start, anyway. Afterward I am going to some college, I don't know just what one, papa will decide that for me."

It Was Years and Years Ago. "I suddenly echoed the dainty child in white, with the wonderful hair and the sparkling gray eyes. 'Oh, I like all of them, but best of all history. That is why I recited 'Susie's History Lesson' this morning.'"

"I used to recite pieces about bad boys, until my friends and the teachers called me the 'boy girl,' but I have given that up for all time, I suppose." There was the faintest suspicion of a sigh.

"Please don't ask me about my Santa Claus letter. I am so sorry I ever wrote it. You see, I was very young at the time—only eight years old. Now I am much older, nearly fourteen. Say fourteen, for my birthday is in July."

This statement was made with much dignity. "I do not hang up my stockings on Christmas Eve any more, and have not done so for years and years. Ever since I was ten years old. You can see for yourself that was ever so long ago."

"When I meet people they say 'Oh, Virginia, that little girl who wrote to the editor asking if there was a Santa Claus. I am so glad to meet you! Then they stare, and I do not like that either.'"

Just then Miss Clark, one of the teachers, called in Virginia, and the little maid who cannot disguise her feelings at leaving school put out a small, white, fluffy, "good-by," then vanished.

"Virginia is a perfect dear and one of the most popular girls we have in school," said Miss Clark, "and I am proud to have her as a pupil. She is a bright, has a charming disposition and her manners are most attractive. You have no idea how we hate to have her go."

The Editor's Letter. When little Miss O'Hanlon wrote the editor of the great newspaper asking about Santa Claus, he printed the following reply: "Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe in Santa Claus. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds which would that prove? No, no, no, children are little."

In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there was no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable the dreary world of fact. There would be no joy in the simple life, no excitement in the play of the imagination, no beauty in the world of things as they are.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times as many thousands of boys and girls be looking forward to the coming of the "boy girl" who will bring them the joy of the heart of childhood.

PRETTY VIRGINIA O'HANLON, A GOLD MEDAL GRADUATE.



PARTNERS DYING FROM EXPLOSION

Owned Secret Tanning Process and Combustion of Chemicals Started Flames and Blew Marsh Out of Room.

Samuel Marsh and Thomas B. Hobbey, of the firm of Hobbey & Marsh, tanners, with a three-story factory at No. 465 Keap street, Williamsburg, are dying in the Eastern District Hospital from burns received following an explosion of chemicals in a secret tanning process to-day.

Marsh was injured in the explosion itself, besides being burned. Hobbey was burned in going to the rescue of his partner.

The firm employs about fifteen men and owns the secret of tanning a particular kind of sheepskin. Only the members of the firm mix and prepare—the chemicals used in this tanning process, and Marsh was doing this work in a room on the top floor to-day.

Hobbey was on the same floor but in another room when there was a loud explosion in the room where Marsh was mixing the chemicals. The side of the room was blown out, and Marsh came with it. There was a burst of flames, and Hobbey went to the rescue of his partner.

He picked him up and carried him to the stairs. Marsh's clothes were on fire and the flames spread to Hobbey's clothing. At the stairs Hobbey fell with his burden.

Matthew Walsh and Philip Cunningham, employees in the factory, ran up the stairs and carried the two burning men to safety below. Each of the workers extinguished the flames with buckets of water and then sent for an ambulance from the Eastern District Hospital. Dr. Haverstraw responded and found that both Marsh and Hobbey were probably fatally burned. They were not only severely burned about the body, face and arms, but had inhaled the flames.

He hurried them to the hospital, where other surgeons and doctors are attending them. Their suffering was relieved to a great extent by the application of street oil and lime water on the exterior burns.

Walsh and Cunningham were attended by neighborhood doctors and went to their homes. The fire did about \$1,000 damage to the tannery.

BRAIN BUILDING. How to Feed Nervous Cases.

Hysteria sometimes leads to insanity, and should be treated through feeding the brain and nerves upon scientifically selected food that restores the lost delicate gray matter. Proof of the power of the brain food Grape-Nuts is remarkably strong.

"About eight years ago, when working very hard as a court stenographer, I collapsed physically and then nervously and was taken to the State Hospital for the Insane at Lincoln, Neb., a raving maniac."

"They had to keep me in a strait-jacket, and I was kept in the worst ward for three months. I was finally dismissed in the following May, but did no brain work for years until last fall, when I was persuaded to take the testimony in two cases. One of these was a murder case, and the strain upon my nervous system was so great that I would have broken down again except for the strength I had built up by the use of Grape-Nuts. When I began to feel the pressure of the work on my brain and nerves I simply increased the amount of Grape-Nuts and used the food more regularly."

"I now feel like my old self again and am healthy and happy. I am sure that if I had known of Grape-Nuts when I had my trouble 8 years ago I would never have collapsed, and this dark age in my life would never have happened. Grape-Nuts is a brain food is simply wonderful, and I do not believe any stomach is so weak that it cannot digest this wonderful food. I feel a delicacy about having my name appear in public, but if you think it would help any poor sufferer you can use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There are desserts and desserts. The delicious, health-giving kind are found in the little recipe book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.

BURGLARS STOLE HER WEDDING DOT

Chloroformed Whole Lichtenstein Family, with a Total of Ten, Then Abstracted \$350 in Cash from Under Pillow.

Samuel Lichtenstein, of No. 223 Clinton street, has complained to the Henry street police that burglars entered his home, chloroformed him, his wife and eight children and stole from under his wife's pillow a purse containing \$350, which had just been drawn from the bank for the purchase of a trousseau and house furnishings for his daughter Rosale, who was to have become the bride of Herman Silver, a clothing merchant of No. 833 Manhattan avenue, Brooklyn.

As Rosale was to marry a man in business for himself, her relatives were to provide her, according to custom, with a trousseau and house furnishings which could be on a par with what her husband would provide her.

For this purpose they had saved \$350. Lichtenstein said his wife drew the money from the bank and put it under her pillow when she retired. Lichtenstein awoke an hour later than usual yesterday and had a headache. He felt for the money and it was gone.

He tried to awaken his wife, but could not. Then he went to the rooms of his children and he could only awaken them by shaking cold water in their faces. Worried about his wife, he called his brother, Dr. Jacob Lichtenstein, from No. 25 Herk street, and says he worked three hours in bringing his wife back to consciousness.

Lichtenstein then calmly told him that burglars with chloroform had come in and secured Rosale's dot, and that he hoped Silver would not abandon her because of that. Silver has not yet decided if he will take Rosale without the dot.

Nagle Switches Around to Murphy. The Tammany Hall County and Executive Committees will meet Friday night to arrange for the primary on Sept. 15. Percival E. Nagle, who has been openly opposed in his district by Charles Murphy, headed a list of fire on the Tammany leader's head last night by endorsing his leadership in a speech made at the Kanawha Club, Nagle's organization.

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SWEETHEART'S GIFT HER BANE

His Family Say He Is Insane and Cause Her Arrest for Accepting a Present of Jewels from Him.

SHE SAYS SHE PAID HALF.

But She Is Locked Up in Tombs in Default of Bail While Awaiting Examination on the Charge Made Against Her.

On a charge of larceny, unable to get bail to the amount of \$300, Annie Miller, a good-looking young woman about thirty years old, was locked up in the Tombs to-day on a charge of grand larceny. The complaint against her is that on May 25 she received stolen jewels in the value of \$1,000 from Leopold Sondheim, and that at the time Sondheim was insane, and she had been warned that he was insane. The complaint is made by the brother-in-law of Sondheim, Isadore Epstein, of No. 545 Third avenue.

Miss Miller is a dressmaker at No. 223 East Twelfth street, and at the time Sondheim went insane says she was engaged to be married to him. She says he was not insane when he gave her the jewels and that in addition to his not being insane he was sane enough to take \$500 of her money and this money represented one-half the purchase price of the jewels in question. She says after this he became insane and was then sent to the Manhattan State Asylum.

Epstein says that the family of Sondheim warned Miss Miller that Sondheim was insane, and after this he met the girl on the street, while they were on their way to a bank where Sondheim was going to draw out \$3,000 to give to Miss Miller.

A warrant was issued for Miss Miller on the statement of Epstein yesterday. To-day she was in court and demanded an examination. Magistrate Breen adjourned the case until later in the day and held her in \$500. Failing to secure a bondsman she was sent to the Tombs to wait for her examination. Miss Miller says the jewels are hers and represent only a portion of the money she has been asked on her by Sondheim. It is said Sondheim had been confined in an asylum previous to his meeting Miss Miller.

"THE" ALLEN'S WIFE DIES OF APOPLEXY.

For Many Years She Was His Charity Dispenser in the Slums of New York.

Mrs. Theodore Allen, wife of "The" Allen, the pool-room keeper, died early to-day in her Eighth street home from apoplexy. For more than twenty years Allen has operated a pool-room in New York City, most of the time just around the corner from where he lived. While he was considered under the ban of the law in his business his home life was a model of affection and sincerity.

His wife, for whom he always entertained the greatest affection, was his charity commissioner, and in the slums she was known as a munificent provider for the needy, be they deserving or not. In giving away his money to

the poor "The" Allen is said to have instructed her not to inquire into a hungry man's past, but to feed him. Then if he needed moral guidance she might inquire if she could instruct him. Allen, whose place was raided for the eighty-seventh time two weeks ago, was at his wife's side when she died. She had been his faithful friend when the law pushed him hardest. She had been his staunchest sympathizer, always asserting that the law discriminated against the poor and the race tracks and prohibiting it in the city. The funeral will take place to-morrow.

BRAVERY RUNS IN COAKLEY FAMILY.

Brother of Man Who Wears Medal for Courage Stops a Runaway in the Bowery.

That nerve and daring run in the Coakley family of firemen was shown to-day when John J. Coakley, of Hook and Ladder No. 3, stopped a runaway on the Bowery at the risk of his life. He is a brother of a fireman who wears the Bonner medal for bravery.

Coakley was riding on a street car when a team attached to a heavy truck ran away at the Bowery and Hester street. The driver was thrown from his seat and the big horse went plunging along, imperilling hundreds who were crossing the thoroughfare.

Coakley jumped from the car, rushed in front of the horses, grabbed the bridles and brought them to a stop. He was severely bruised and his clothing was torn, but as soon as he had turned the team over to a policeman he caught another car and went on his way to report to the captain of his company.

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A large and handsome selection of 14-k. solid gold Graduation Class Pins... \$1.50 up
Ties... \$1.50 up

Class Pins.
Handsome 14-karat Solid Gold Class Pin, \$1.25 up
A large assortment of these 14-karat solid gold Class Pins... \$1.25 up

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A large selection of 14 and 18 karat solid gold Wedding Rings... \$2.75 up
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\$25 Serge Suits,
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\$30 Worsted Suits,
\$22 Cassimere Suits,
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Why, it means that you can walk into our store to-morrow, and from our splendid stock of Men's and Youths' absolutely correct attire select any suit—no matter how elegant, no matter what it costs, no matter what its value, no matter how great the loss to us—on payment of \$15, have it wrapped and handed to you or sent to your home. Just think of it! Not \$30 or \$25, but \$15.00. Not one suit laid away or reserved.

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